

Exhibit 1

February 9th 2018

To whom this may concern:

My name is Noelle Alicia Bronson and I'm writing this character letter on behalf of my twin sister, Nicole Ashley Bronson with the desire to provide you with a lens into our background and upbringing. Most would say that Nicole and I had mirroring challenges and a lackluster support system during our youth/adolescence years and with that being said, I feel as though I might be able to paint a semi-accurate illustration of her misguided detours and struggles.

As young children growing up, our childhood was by far from what a lot of people would call disadvantaged or low-income. Early on, we came from a very typical middle class, suburban living, both parents in the home, two car garage, family dog minus the white picket fence type of environment. However, when my sister and I were roughly eight/nine years old, as I remember it, we woke up went off to school one morning as usual and just never returned home that evening. That random day our family was forever changed and shattered by the circumstances thereafter, my parents' inability to effectively co-parent and reserve their personal feelings towards each other, we were innocent collateral damage stripped of the chance to see what a traditional ending of what a "normal" life was supposed to look like. For reasons till this day is still unknown to me and my four sisters; though now at 32 years of age and having gone through my own trials and tribulations in life and still learning my parents, I can speculate the why's. Nonetheless, at the age of eight/nine years old we went from receiving unconditional love, unequivocal support, stability with a sound foundation and daily structure to having to now adjust to a lifestyle with absolutely NO structure, encouraged limited functionality between siblings, no communication and a dismantled foundation. Our mother, God bless her soul, was definitely overwhelmed with five children to say the least, though she put on a good face; house hopping from close friends and family, all six of us (children ranging from 2-10 y.o) sharing beds in a small room fit for twin bed. My mother made it work somehow. Though my mother was not a disciplinarian at heart, she tried her best to discipline us in the manner in which she was taught as a little girl with a combination of physical, mental and emotional abuse. In addition to that, our father, the person who should protect his family became a part-time every other weekend fun dad and my father was the polar opposite; his heart now damaged from the divorce he maintained his emotional distance. He pacified all cries for support/help, ignoring anything heavy or meaningful conversations and we all could burn in a room with the amount of tension and animosity my father had towards my mother it was toxic but as children filtered our emotions and adapted to this "new normal", I guess.

No surprise here, entering into our adolescent years, beginning around 13 y.o, I'd say my sister began to act in a rebellious fashion and my mom had her hands full at every turn trying to equally tend to each individual child's needs with little support. Consequently, my mother thought it was best to discipline Nicole often with physical, mental and emotional abuse isolating her-kicking her out in the streets or wherever she could find shelter around 14 y.o. My sister began to live with anyone: extended family, cousins, aunts, friends, friends of friends or boyfriends and I think she began to think that that was the way of life. She built up a hustler's go getter demeanor. That was her adaptation for survival and another alternative to receiving a temporary fix of emotional support. Because of this exterior it's hard for her, even now, to trust that individuals are genuine and to allow the opportunity for relationships to organically blossom into something long-term.

Nicole though so confident and hard on the exterior is unaware of insecurities and her rigid demeanor. She'll often attach herself to someone in order to so call, "make it in this life" and rightfully so seeing that's how she's survived thus far. For as long as I can remember, Nicole has never been planted in one place for too long-house hopping, getting by just enough to get by, getting that job that paid just a bit more than the last, and in my opinion that was her association with advancing her status. Nicole persevered climbing that ladder continuing to associate money with success and subsequently, her desire for "success" grew much larger and dominated her persona.

Now becoming aware of Nicole's involvement in this criminal activity, I won't attempt to make any reasonable justifications for her actions, knowing the strides she took to fill the voids that weren't cemented throughout the settling of some of the most essential years of her foundation and adolescence. I am disheartened that she chose to go this path and even more sadden of the potential possibility that my niece's foundation now risks being jeopardized in a similar fashion. Nicole has made an inexcusable error in judgment resulting in unequivocal repercussions which now affect many others.

To conclude my letter, I'd like to leave saying this...Growing up as the "black sheep" of the family is challenging to say the least and I only have the insight because I can tell you growing up as the twin's black sheep, where to our parents we were treated as THE SAME person was extremely difficult for myself. I am no saint either and I too have made inexcusable errors in my early adolescence years that I have had to take accountability for; and although my reasons differ considerably from my sister's I was given a second chance. A second chance at redemption, to prove to myself that I had more to not only offer to myself, but to my one child at the time and to my community. My gratitude to the courts and to my higher being has been shown through my actions since. That day (time period) exposed my inner talents and potential, sparking new found self-guidance and motivation allowing me to be true to self and advance my calling. Since, I have taken complete advantage of the opportunity striving continuously on improving to be an amazing Mother, Fiancé, Home Health Hospice Nurse, Friend, Entrepreneur and aspiring Medical Physician. I know it appears as though that I have a FULL plate, but second chances can have that effect if provided. It takes hard work to rebuild a person's foundation but it's not impossible, when you believe in you it awakens abilities in you that you've had all along igniting your dormant capabilities. That said, without hesitation I whole-heartedly believe that given a second chance, my sister, Nicole Ashley Bronson will rightfully redeem herself, find peace within herself, continue her journey with her God, be a voice offering guidance to young at-risk women in the community and become a pillar to the community.

Deepest regard,

Noelle Alicia Bronson

